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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Wisdom

OR

Mind, Will, and Understanding

The Macro Plays. No. 2

Supposed date of MS., 1460

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1907

Wisdom

GENERAL

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Wisdom

OR

Mind, Will, and Understanding

The Macro Plays. No. 2

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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PR2411
W6
1907
MAIN

Wisdom

OR

Mind, Will, and Understanding

The Macro Plays. No. 2

This play, hitherto known to scholars (for no special reason) as "Mind, Will, and Understanding," was happily re-christened by Dr. Furnivall when reprinting the piece for The Early English Text Society. I have followed Dr. Furnivall's lead, especially because it was at his suggestion (very kindly acceded to by Mr. John Henry Gurney of Keswick Hall, near Norwich, the owner of the original MS.) that this ancient morality (together with "Mankind," "The Castle of Perseverance," and "Respublica") has been included in The Tudor Facsimile Texts.

Particulars of Cox Macro, the former owner, from whom these plays take their name, are given, and sources of information are indicated in the Introduction to "Mankind," the first of the series of Macro facsimiles; the details need not be repeated in this place.

The manuscript of "Wisdom" consists of twenty-four leaves of quarto paper, and is made up of two gatherings of twelve leaves each. The manuscript is perfect; at the end is the same inscription of ownership as at the end of "Mankind."

Dr. Furnivall's revised title was thus set out:—

A Morality of Wisdom

Who is Christ?

How Lucifer tempts the Mind, Will, and Understanding of Man to Sin,

and it thus fully and lucidly summarises the dramatic motif

163557

of the play. For the rest, "Wisdom" is excellently edited, as far as subject-matter is concerned, by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. A. W. Pollard in The Early English Text Society's reprint (Extra Series XCI.).

Turning to this facsimile reprint, it will be seen that in the Macro original the margins of the manuscript are sometimes cut away or that the script is occasionally erased. Especially is this the case on leaves 98, 102 (*recto and verso*), 105, 106, *&c. It so happens, however, that "Wisdom" exists, as far as the first four lines of leaf* 113 *verso, or rather more than half the play, in a Digby manuscript at the Bodleian Library. This furnished Dr. Furnivall with many "supplies" and variorum (generally improved) readings when he was editing the piece for The Early English Text Society in* 1904. *On examination, however, it is evident that the original manuscript has in the interval become less distinct in places, inasmuch as words and letters which were then (I assume) legible are now either blurred or are altogether obliterated. Students must, therefore, on no account neglect the textual notes supplied by Dr. Furnivall's version when dealing critically with this facsimile of the original Macro MS., which as far as craftsmanship and care permit is a faithful reproduction of the original in its present state.*

One other point calling for mention is less important. The "scribblings" on leaf 98 (*verso*), 99 (*foot of page*), 100 (*ditto*), 101 (*ditto*), 103, 104, 105, 106—*indeed throughout—have been retained on the principle of "showing the original exactly as it exists to-day." The most notable example is probably that on* 121 (*verso*) *which faced, in the original Seventeenth Century binding, the first leaf* (122) *of "Mankind," but with which it has apparently nothing to do.*

J. S. FARMER.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Wisdom

OR

Mind, Will, and Understanding

The Players in the order of their entry.

WISDOM OF CHRIST.
ANIMA, OR THE SOUL.
ANIMA'S FIVE WITS, AS FIVE VIRGINS.

The Three Powers of every Christian Soul:—

MIND. WILL. UNDERSTANDING.

LUCIFER. A SHREWD BOY.

MIND'S *Six Retainers:—*

INDIGNATION. HASTINESS.
STURDINESS. WRETCH.
MALICE. DISCORD.
And MAINTENANCE.

UNDERSTANDING'S *Six False Jurors:—*

WRONG. FALSEHOOD.
SLEIGHT. RAVINE.
DOUBLENESS. DECEIT.
And PERJURY.

WIT'S *Six Women:—*

THREE DISGUISED AS GALLANTS, AND THREE AS MATRONS.

MINSTRELS, TRAMPS, A BAGPIPE, A HORNPIPE, SIX SMALL BOYS IN THE LIKENESS OF DEVILS.

[illegible] Wysdome and [illegible] spirit clothe of
[illegible] crymyn[illegible] with [illegible] a [illegible] gyrdyd a
with [illegible] and old [illegible] gedd a [illegible] with [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] imperyall [illegible] old sett to [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible] lefte hande a ball of golde [illegible] and
[illegible] hande a regall scepter [illegible] syngd. Wysdom

Yff ye wilt wet ye the rete
And ye desyr of my name imperyall
I am clepyd in dyvers of them ye in sythes be
Unlastyng wysdom to my noble regalle
Wych name acordyt best in esperyall
And most to me yt [illegible] out
All thow dede sound of ye tuyte be wysdom eternall
And all this. and unlastyng wysdome to gedyr present
Sunyd too for ar mocke ar wysdom yt [illegible]
Applyed to ye sunne by resunne
And also yt fallyt yt fit to kind specyally
By cause of kyt kyd generacon
Therfor ye be lowyd sone hatch ye hymfiedcon
Instrumaly wysdom. now gode. now mad
Porow of ye chrych & wy patrone
Wyffe of sche chose sanld thus wysdom be gaue

Thus outyd the dat a mayde in a wyzt clothe of golde gyrdyd
purfyled with [illegible] a mayll of blacke ye wyffe and chaunt
tyte to wysdom with a rych chapyteler lasyd be hynd hangyng to
with a knott of golde & syde tassely the knotyd solond to wysdom [illegible]

Manu dimam et exquisui
ffro my thowte thro hand I sente
to hand to my spowse most specyally
for a lou of yow² sessappe day I wowte
a bond att hold & bewty yt ou wad sowgyt
I hand lowyd wysdom ad for my lyght
ffor att goodnes w^t hym yo ye bryngyte
I wysdom I wad made att bewty bryghte
off yow² name ye hye solyce
so I beatrys knowyt fulle exposycon

Sapiencia specialiter est solus
I am foundyd lyghte w^t owt corpysow
off stryvyng a bond att ye dysposicon
ffor sothe of lyght ye very bryghtnes
mysrow of ye dyvyne domynacon
and ye image of hys goodnes
wysdom yo bett² yn att worldly worldly pryosnes
and att yt may dysyrd be
yo not in gyt yschow to my lyknes
the beutes of ye yes in mw with yght syde be
and in my left syde yche joy & prosperyte
to ye yo ye worthy nes of my name

Stand
Stand wysdom iff yow² be wynyd
Worlde spede of lond yt wer a gamd

wysdom

Off ye lond to speke yt ye my rable
The holde now sowtt w joyfull mynde
How lonely I am here amyrable
To be halsyde & kyssyde of man kynde
To all clene sowlys I am frell kynde
And yet present wer yt ye be
Lond my lovyr w owtyn ende
That ye lond stand stedfast in me
The prerogatyff of my lond ye so gydtt
Yt wo tastyt ye of ye lest drope sud
All lustf & lykyng worldly yatt lett
They yatt sonne to kyng fyltyhe and ordyd
Thoy yt of ye hewy burthen of synne hathe cyd
Ay lond dyschargethe & purgyethe clene
Yt strenthe stryngthethe ye mynde ye sowtt makyt pure
And yewyt wysdom to kny yt fryghte lond
Wo tabyt me to spowse may verylyy wend
Yff a lond all thynge ye lond me specially
That yest & tranquyllyto the yatt sonne
And sey modyrnes of joy potuall
The kyne worthynes of my lond
Angell nor man caw tell playnly
Yt may be felt fland experyence a lond
But not spoke no tolde no yt ye verylyy
The godly lond no creatyr caw specyfyde

ye longyt yyr [illegible] and so wondrely
that hyr syghyt from them nou can remove — Dit

O worthy prowes and sorow fare fayr
O most amyable our ioy our blyr
to your lond loo sothly I prayer
all holyeyte you yt cyttyng yr
what may I yeld your a gyd for yr
O cyttor lonyr of your cyttyng
though be our fyldyd loo do I myr
your cytt may nor sur prayyd yeldyng
A sorow wysdom scrio scrip
what may I yeld to your most pleasance — wysdom

Fili pyede mi cor tuum
Aske not ellyr of all yi pleasance
thy lond hayt yi mode obeysance
yeld me yt I my contente — Dit

A sorow joy my hert affyance
the forwowyng of my lond to yow I present
that modyt my hert your lond so forwont
teche me yi scolyr of your dyvynyte — wysdom

Dysyr not to sawe in cunyng to excellent
But dyde I conforme your wyll to me
for yt yr yi hedfull dysyplyne yt in wysdam may be
the dyde of god yt yr begynnyng
the wodd of synne yt mdyt to flee
and swete wertuy herbyr in yi sowll spryng — Dit

O eternal wysdom how may I thane knowynge
Off yt godhede in comprehensyble — Wysdom

Of yt knowynge of your sylff yo may thane folynge
What gode yor in your soule sensyble
The more knowynge of your sylff passyble
Yo more vertly yo yat gode knowe — And

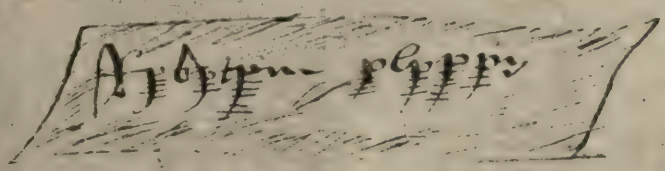
O sovereyn Auctorye most cedyble
Your cessyn I attende nor I owe
Yt yo present here yo sowlt of mind
What yor a sowlt wylt yo at daye — wysdom

Yt yor yo ymage of gode yt alle be gan
And not only ymage but yor lykenes yo al
Off alle creatyns yo fayrest yo wal
Unto yo tyme of Adamys offence — And

Loyde sythe we thy solvyn yt none lost yt
Wyf of yo first man bye we yo violence — wysdom

For only creatyns yt hath bene or yalle
Wan in nat of yo first man Adame
Off kynd takynge yo flyttes of synne oryynalle
For of kynd alle creatyns cam
Than by kynd of yesu yo thane blame
And so made yo bondes of hellis
Wen yo be bore first of your dame
Yo may in no wyse in heyr avoyd

For yo. be dysvrgynyde be yr synne
And damyde to derkynde from gode syghte
— Iust 101
Yow dothe glade yan degyn be gynne
Yet reformythe ye soule to yr fyrste lyghte
— Wysdom
Wysdam yt wate gode & ma lyghte
Gydde a fulle sothe to ye fadyr of howyr
Yhy ye dredfulle dothe to yrynd wate dreghte
Off wyche dothe spronge ye sacramentis seven
Wyche sacramentis all synne wasche a way
Yf yrst baptem clensythe synne oryynalle
And reformyt ye soule in feythe verray
To ye glorye no lyknde of gode eternalle
And makyt yt be fayr and be clystyalle
Be yt now dyffowlyde had be
And be yr cristyn prayalle
Yr restynge place yr pleasant see
— Iust
A solde wette thynge be
Yhy wyche be hathe yr very knowynge
— Wysdom
Twayn ptyde ye on sensualyte
Wyche yr clepyde ye flesche lyvynge
The v: owtewardde wytte to yrynd be fowynde
Wan yey be not rewlyde ordynatly
The sensualyte yan wt owte lesynge
Yr made ye ymage of synne thow of yr folly



the other pte ye yor clepyde jesus
And ye yor ye ymage of gode fayrly
For by ye ye solott. of gode hathe conyeow
And be ye hym powyt & konowyt duly
Be ye noyther pte of jesow be knowyt dyscretly
Att erthly thynge how ye xatt be vsyd
Wat suffysyth to hyor mygtyf bodyly
And wott nodyt not to be jefusyde
Thyor twoyn do syenyfye
yow dyscrysyng & yow a lay
Of fake & wyght fowtt & fayer verdyly
Any sowtt hed ye wo yor no nay
Of fake by fedyng of synne ye cumyth att day
Wych folyng cumyth of sensualyte
And wyght by knowyng of jesow vray
Off ye blyssyde infuyt deyte
Thyno a sowld yor bothe fowll & fayer
Fowtt no a beast be folyng of synne
Fayer no a angell of hevyn ye dyer
Fy knowyng of gode by hyor jesow wt in

And

Thand mdy i sey thyno & be gynne
Wt v. prudent beyeyno of my jesus
Thyno be ye. v wytt of my sowtt wt inne
Sygnd sw sy formosa filia jerusalem

[illegible] v virgines in [illegible] & matche w[illegible]
& chappelettis And singis Nigra sum sed formosa filia [illegible]
tabernacula cedar & sicut pelles salamonis [illegible]

still

102

This sonettis of [illegible] me not takis
ffor yis dyrkis schadow I bers of hunnidnyis
That do yis tabernacullis of cedar wis not yt yis blakis
And wis I me do yis skyn of salamonis fullis of bewty
Quod fusca sum nolite considerare me
Quia decoloravit me sol primo

wysdom

Thus all yis sowlis yt in yis lyff bis
Stondynge in gracis by lykis to thyis
A [illegible] prudentis yow wytth fyrs
Keps yow clene & yis xalt now defaris
yis godly makis din xalt yrbis
ffor yis clene sowlis godly lastynge place
This mytth sny cystow sowlis hav
Wychis bothe applyed to yis dnyis

ayynde

All this hol bi for yow face
ayynde

wytt

Wytt

wnderstondynge

And wnderstondynge wo this

wysdam

Zo this declaris yaw thyis
yow syngnyfyed cow & yow ffayris

ayonde

& my mynde yt in ye solde yo-
the vanyte fyrst of ye deyte
Now in my solff I have mynde & so
the benefytes of gode & yo worthynes
how gode I was maydes how fayr how fre
how glorye how yeyte to yo lyknes
thyr insyght bryngyt to my mynde
wat grates I ought a geyn
yt thyn gatte aydeyde wt not ende
aye in yor blys dwl for to yeyne
than myn insufficyence yo to me yeyn
that I have not wor of to yelde my dette
thy nbynge my solff cydate most weyn
than for sorow my bryn I knette
Now in my mynde I bynge to redyr
ye yerr & dayes of my synfultnes
the sustabultnes of my mynde redyr & thedyr
aye ye ydele fallynge & fyedtlnes
aye solff wyght nought than I cases
ffor by my solff I may not lyve
wt out spetyalt grace of gode goodnes
thyn mynde make me me solff to dysprysse
I seke & fynde no wor comforte
but only in gode my cydatyn
than ow to kynw I do resorte
and say have mynde of me my sanow

Thro mynde to mynde bryngyth yt fawowr
Thro by mynde of me godd I band know
Goode mynde of godd yt yo ye fryend
And thyo mynde to hane att cryston on — Wytt

And I of ye sonne am ye wytt
Off ye godhedde thunder & fryend
Wyt goode wytt no mn may spytt
For wt olot goode wytt of thyo be sayd
Wat sonne wytt gyt mode I seyd
Be must gytt wytt hane ~~in godd~~ wrthonghtt godd
Wortheth sett wt cosyno pryd
Ffor in wytt stondyt only nthyo godd
Wytt for godd oft yo talke
Therfor ye wytt must wodott be dysposyde
Than yr begynnyt att gyan to walke
Iff wt syne yt be not a nosyde
Therfor ye wytt must be wytt apposyde
Or yt yt to ye mdvynge yeno cosent
The be bybary of yesow must be wonclosyde
And aft thyo donnyo to talke entyrt
Ore wytt in godd must be only sett
And for godd to do wysly
Man godd wytt yesyth godd yo in wo knott
And be ffoymyt ye godd verylly
Off thyn cunnyth att wytt sett ffytyttly

For of our self we have nought
But sinne wickednesse & folly
We yt be grymer & grounde of wyt & thought
Than yt goodes wyt sorde be foy
yt be honorable to yche creatur
Iff we cast hym to restor
The soule yt he hath called of cry
Wyche of god yt ye hym
So longe so ye hymself yt kept fayr
And oide wyde on for to sinny
In bely of wyche yt he ye verry prayer

Wondyrstondynge

The wytte of ye soule yt wondyrstondyge
For by wondyrstondyge I be holde wot godd yt
In hym self he grunge wt not be grunge
Sinde sinde wt not sinde yt yett nou myt
In comprehensible in hym self he yt
Hym worshyp in me I hand not comprehende
Hero yuldy I holly hym yan yt wo ought att yt
Than by knowynge of me to knowyge of godd I assinde
I knoro in angelyc he yt delyrable
For hym to be holde ye dyver sondrly
In hym self most dyscrable
For in hym ye or joy assyduly
In creatur yt hyt workyt hand most wondyrly
For att yt made by hym myght

Thy wysdom confownyd most sorrowfully
And thy bowgynyd myspryzyt all soullys wythout
Off all godynyss the yt lowyd sarvyd
For the yt dyd of yche godynyss
And yet be thy peple yt ow yall yynge
Tu room the drowlyt do thy tepnyss
Wan y thy bowyng made sporynyd
And so yt lord the hatyd for me wrongyt
yt bryngyt me to lord yt prynce most pwy
For. for lord yt lyd made a mat of nowgyt
Thys yt yt lord wyche yt clopyd chayto
For dyd yt chayto do awtyr tofft
And was yt in chayto in dyd drowlyt the
And dyd yt yt chayto in hyrn drowlyt
Thus wondyrstondyng of dyd topolyt
to cu to chayto than hand hys cylnes lo
Thy hyd yt yt dowlt yt yt spoke polyt
Et qui cedunt me requiescent in tabernaculo meo

Wydo

lo thus my myght in ow soule be
my mynd wyll & wondyrstondyng
Thy mynd of dyd yt fadyr bowyng hand yt
Thy wondyrstondyng of dyd yt sone yt hand bowyng
Thy wyll wyche t^wyt in lord bysmyng
dyd yt holy gost yt clopyd yt lord
not my godf but ow dyd in bryng

9 14 8 13 / 15 11 1 13
4 14 13

9 [illegible] 13 7 [illegible] 15 13 / 14 10 1 12 7 13

thro oche clene soule yt synnyhtude of gode a bowe
Thy mynde forthe my father hane we
hope mowr lorde thin by wondyrstondynge
And be wyth my holy goste charyte
So thoo my pynnypall wortho of yow in spryngge
Thyr the clene soule stondyth as a kynge
And a bowe all yt the hane fyve wyth
Off yt be way be for all thynge
For yff yt pvorte all yt dothe oryth
The hane my dumyso of hem be wayl
The wyldde the flesche & the fende
Yowr fyve wyth from he the spayl
That the sensuelyte they bynge not yow by kynde
So thynge xulde offende gode in no kynde
And yff yr do so yt the nothr pte of yesowe
In no wyse yr to lowe
Than the ou pte xall hane fye domynacow
Wan suggestyow to the mynde doth a pay
Wondyrstondynge doyght not the yr
Bot but not wyth yll lessowe to lowe
And that suche stynyngl by no syn
The be but purge the soule wor yo suche cotyansye
Thro in me wysdom yowr worthy be gynne
Ffrethe & the xall hane the crowe of glory
That ow yo lastynge wy to be pte now yr yme

And

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O mon lorde I my bowrde to the
Now I was nought yn made me thro glorye
Now I fyllchode thorow synne yn synnyde
Now I was in grett poll yn kept me xpno
Now I erryde yn seducyde me I thro
Now I was wrongfull yn talot me trutho
Now I synnyde yn correcte me thro
Now I was lowe yn comforteide by jutho
Now I stonde in grace yn hoteyste me yt tyde
Now I fall yn reyse me mygtyly
Now I go wyll yn ayt my grde
Now I cm yn resteyste me most lowyly
Thu hast d noyntyde wt yd oyll of mcy
Thy be nefytt loyd be in unmable
Nor for lawde endlesse to yd I cyye
Becomedyng me to yn endlesse powr enjable

Ryd in yd goynge out yd v wytt synge tota pulcra est o thoy
be for and nyght & ffor folowynge wysdom & aftyr kynd mynde
& wondyrstondynge dall ny in wyrgtt cloth of gold with olofynde &
tyde in sunte and aftyr yd songe entyrdth lucyfer in a doloyll
lay wt out & wt in a pyrode galonte synge thro ow thro
lucyfer

Out Ayrow I sorow
ffor ewy I lorde
ay v place to restore
} god hath made a mt

[illegible]

Alle cū ye not thoys
Woode & yey woys
⁊ yalle tempte hem so soyre
⁊ was a angell of heyhte
Enchor ⁊ heyght
pro/mynge in godes syght
⁊ n pe forsynge of my place ye dyght
ay and wohaw ⁊ have most dyspyght
Bu castynge me wt hem to fyght
⁊ dy do wyly nowe as than
ye knowynge yt ⁊ hade yet ⁊ cawe
⁊ knowe alle coplecciono of a ma
Andes yer m ⁊ tempte ay wohaw
⁊ mayde hyr my mydes to yer wawe
that wyoo yo hym yt god hym be gawe
Of gods. mād yo ye fyend
hyr symylitude hyr pyctour
⁊ loyyoest of ony cyedtyng
Neyche ⁊ wylle dysvyeng
Ate my falo cōsidetyng
yhe he tende my ⁊ spoetyng
⁊ alle souls bow in ptyro ⁊ wyo
ay yude. Noylle. wondyrstodynge of blyo
Appeyng of ye godhede ⁊ knowe wolle tyro
that wylle ⁊ tempte ao ⁊ esto
thoro yt ⁊ prosyt ⁊ yme now yo
Bute yff ye fow souls cōsent to yw

for ⁊ am he yt syn be gawe

wor for ⁊ am lowest in hell

my hem yt place
he wylle not swell

wor to he yo most dysposyd

ayny a holy mā wt
yo mosyde

yt dw wao wyonght

⁊ yalle bynge hyr to nought

and ye flesshe of
mā yt yo so changed

for in ye wylle of ye soule
tho dedl bow dānable

to ye myndes of ye soules I xall make suggestyon
And bynde hym wondyr stondynge to dylytte con
for yt hym wylle make confyrmacon
that doth xall sew of damnacon
thaw of ye solowe ye sowle hath dwacon
I wylle go makes hym by dampnacon
for for to tempte man in my kynde
yt wolde bynge hym to eyrtt foorfulnes
I wylle change me in to bryghtnes
for and I xall sehewe hym thyghtnes
And wortyn yvyr yt wyll dnes
thyne wondyr colour all thynge yvorse

thaw dam I sobyr
nesse

to all ye sowlys of hy
I make a wore

for to hym to be ey

I xall now yeft tyll
sowle I dofyle

Ser Lucyfer envoydyth & cumyth in a gyn no a goodly gallot
ayynde

ayl myndes yor dun and I
that dundyde wor wt wordes
hyor doctrine to sue

dun I purpose

wondyrstondyng

ayl wondyrstondyng yor in tyme
that wt feyth wor dyd I sewe
hyor lawe to pursue

yor frostter to me yt sowlys
of ye loss

wylle

And my wylle hyor hyor wylle vetaly
that made wor hyor eyrtt so specially
yeldynge on hym lande & glory

for hyor goodnes

Lucyfer

ye foundes fathers foundyor of foly
vt quod hic stat tota die scrosi
ye wylle yvyr or ye yt aspye

the sowlyt hath dun
dynde yow exprese

[illegible]

Lucyfer

Ayrnde myndes & hane in myndes thys

Ayrnde

Yes ys not ydylle yt wyt godes ys

Lucyfer

Rob yowe wellt thys
thys ys my suggestyn
All thynges that dowe tymes
prayer fastynge labor all thyse
Wanne tymes ys not kept yt godes ys a myse
they ys a man yt lywyt wordly
hathes wyffe chyldrene & hownes bely
And other charges yt I not specyfyes
to lowes hys labor wyrkes truly
hys charges pensche yt godes sayes duly
And yowes hym to prayer & ses of body
wyrtha presyes godes gyttly they

Wo so do thynes yt godes
ys not thane

Ayrnde

ye but ayaynst presyes hym mocke may

Lucyfer

yes ye cost hades bys for ow may
ys not ys a now

Ayrnde

Contemplatyffe lyffe ys sett bes for

Lucyfer

I may not belowe yt in my lorde
for godes hym selffe wat he wase man borne
wat lyffe edes he answer yn now
wase he ow in contemplacon

Ayrnde

I suppose not by my ymaccon

Lucyfer

go may poldyr wordly
to yowe informacon

yt ys ecoffnett to yt

And all yis was informacoun
And ensample to mā
Fūtyme wt synnis yis yat cōversacoun
Fūtyme wt yis yat also communycacoun
Sūtyme yis labouryd. prisyd. Sūtyme tbulacoun
Thys was vita mixta yt gode yat is gewn
And yt yis xuld yis yat serves

Nynde

Do temple Saw not be lewes thys yis tyme

Lucyfer

Dūcōpatryarch yis for to serves
Yt yis gyrtt dysdes & is comes well
They must fast walkēr pryy and now
Wise ryde lywynge & gynge wt dysyrylyne dow
Ropes sylence weps & surplyce schewes
And yis yis fayll of thys yis offend gode ryghtly
Wan yis ryde wastyd by fleynnes
Than febyll yis wytt & fallyn to fundes
Fūn in to dysperyr & sin in to madnes
Wot yt well god is not plesyd wt thys
Lewes lewes. such synglyr besynes
Also in yis worldes wes vis thynge nesesse
This comyn yis best expyrs
Who chynyt hys yis fall gyst yis

Nynde

Tynly me seme yis same resow

Lucyfer

Aplys yow thow to yis cōctusyūn

Nynde

I haw made no replicacon
I did not for gett yw informacon — lincyfor

thynke yt wor ryp on yt yo your salucon
now & wondyr stondynge wolde hans de lectacon
att syngler denotano he wolde. lett
your v wytt a bode lett spyede
be how commly to ma yo pydyng wede
what worschyps yt yo to be mafulle in dede
off yt sympte what thyngt yt to tak hede
the holde how mche dysyryt nede
It makyt ma fayer hym werkf for to fede
Wondyr stondynge. tend yt yw informacon

yt bryngyt in fudlcon

& of lust & hyngr commyng gendycon

In tayo yfyld in manyr of dylectacon — wondyr stondynge

A. ha. f thow yt make a paroxacon — lincyfor
to & be holde yt wolde a bolte
hytyll thynge suffyscyt to salucon
att mdw synnyo dystroyt cotyscon
they yt dysperyr mcy hane gytt comunicon
tode presyde best wt goede wytt no dowte
therfor wytt I pede your mclyne
Dowe your stodyer your bewn dylyn
your prayero your penance of myscyttf yt synne
And bede a comun shyff
What synne in mdt in hald in wyn
What synne yo in mche in clothynge fynd

Johyn

All thynge gode ordeynde to mete to medyne
Lowe your myse chastyse & taste & loyff
Whett yor fayre fynt your swett pollucon
Wyffe seyth sensuallite to yor contynyon

Wyff

At yor fyne loyter gyff informacon
Yt semyth your losse be goode

Incyfyde

Ye wyff of yor soule hathe fyve sudcon
Dysputte not to mochte in yor lost lesson
Yet yor nethyr pte to yor tabbeth sit instruccon
And so yulde yor ownte but the wosse woode

Wyff

Yor some ar yre sey in body & soule
Yaw may be in yor worlde & be ryghte goode

Inyfor

Der by sent paule
Sent thynk not yor procedyr for yey be notgoode
Ffor yey flatter & lye ar yey wosse woode
Ther yor a wolffe in a lambyr skyn

Wyff

Ya I wott no mosse lote a gryn yor floode
I wott sett my soule a mon prime

Inyfor

Yes my trowthe thad do yor loyslye
Bode lowyt a clone sowt & a mony
A coyde yow in to godyr by

Ryndy

To yor suggestyon a gyve we

Wondyrstondynge

Doughtt ye[r] in ghane trulye — wytt

And I consent yt to holye — lucyfer

A[l]f aft mony yaw a lody cayde
To m ye worlde so yt a boloto
Gost goode holy caft no dolote
to ye wyche ye so mod lorolye longlyt
yone to yow[r] body yt yo nodde
Andw dw bs mony lst ignott yowto — ayynde

ya dlyo I be schydo my snowto — understondyng

And yff I cdyo cacho I ye gowto — wytt

And yff I sfayde ye dowytt mo spodo — lucyfer

To yow[r] wody thaw & so wrsly
thange yt syde a idy — ayynde

I yt dyfyde — understondyng

Wo wott be hescho hamp la pln joly
ffdy/wott p dnance — ayynde

to worschyttyo I wytt my myude a plyo — wondyrstondyng

my wondyrstondyng m worschyttyo & glory — wytt

And I m lust of bechony
dro was sn tyme ersso of hawnce
wt wy wyllo ffowrwott gy I ye dowytt yo wyllo — lucyfer

Off my dysyr now hane I ꝯmme
Wer myn bynyght me to cummen
Thow far wott cosyne he wer clumme
I xulde hane alle my wyll
Resone I hane made both dethe & dumme
Grace yt clot & put a pynne
Wethyr I wyll hane he xalle cm
So at yᵉ last I xalle hym spyll
I xalle now stere hyr myynde
To ꝑ syne made me a fende
Pryde wyche yt a gyn bynde
And of synne hebe
So to conetyse he xalle wende
For ꝑ endynyth to yᵉ last ende
And on to lechery and I may hym fende
Than am I sober yᵉ sonle yt dede
That sonle god made in comparble
To hyr lykenes most amyable
I xalle make yt most fynable
Wyn lyke to a fende of helle.
At hyr dethe I xalle apere informable
Chenyng hym alle hyr ꝯmyn abhomynable
Pynyng hyr sonle danable
So wᵗ dysperyr I xalle hym greve
Wyll clemmen yt mot bynd
Wherfore yᵉ sonle god yt wᵗ in
And wend yt yt in deble ꝯmme

yt wosly ye denoly place
Thus by colomy grame
a my a sould to gett / wyn
wyll to gr / may not blynd
wt yis falo boy god gyff him mott grace

for he taght a boy sryeude boy wt hynd & goth hys wory cryeuge
my rude

To me gyf m a wro a ray
wyse wyrd cal a wory
ffar wott ffecton
ys sonyt my stff most tyghtly ay
yt ys but honest no pryde no nay.
I wytt bs hesyost by my fay
ffor yt a coydyt wt my coplexcon

wustondyng

Ande hano gyf me as hesyg as yow
att mery & mery & glade now
I hano get goode godd wott how
ffor wy / spryng / sclyppe
Goode makyt on mery to godd a vows
ffay wott cosyno / know not yow
I am a sad glade / now
Thynge on syde / litt hynd slyppe

John Thomett

wyll

lo gyf on as wyle as yo
I am so lyly my sume / fle
I hano a castyd lust for wott chastyte
my y hert ys on mo lyght
I my lust of lust of folycyte
my wolyght ys att m yo wrd / ys no joy but yt m me
A woman mo sonyth a honorly syght

my rude

And thou bou my singular solace
Bynde fortune & grace
Bynde nobyll of bynde me wyth hase
And yt makyt me so toyn
Fortune in world worschyppe me doth lace
Grace yt wyt curyn eloquence & yt mase
That all ow cunynge yschoyn

Wyndyrstone

And my ioy yt oppoyall
To hurde wyse yche for fer to fall
To se yt to handyll yt to toll yt all
And stynyll to spare
To be holde yche & yall
Yt bost yn a vanut wer yxall
Yche mabyt a ma equall
To hem futyme to the sondynes wer

Wyll

To me yt ioy most delectable
Fyscyll dysceysynge to some amyable
Propynge word delectable
Ptoynge ow to lone
Yt yt ioy of ioye inestymable
To halse to bye yt affyable
A londe yt sow pcoyvable
Yse yt smylynge ow me wyt yt doth yemove

Wynde

To avayute thine me sumth no schame
For valoutt now be in most fame
Ourtoly psonye me thin pctame

Wyndyrstondyng

the wyche conuytyse we day blame
off gowdell & of many thow be bore ye name
to be false me report yt game
yt yow thynke worsom wod yt I wyll — wytt

Ande of techyn to make a vaunte
now fyre yt no mod yt and dynde a taunt
thow thynke be now so conversant
we sonne yt no schame — ayynde

Anyone a day I wytt ow ante — wondyrstond

Ande I passe to be passante — wytt

Ande I m lust my flesche to daunte
no ma dysprye thow yt ay be but game — ayynde

I sorye of thow now lyt wo syng — wondyrstond

Ande yff I spar drodell for me wynne — wytt

game at ay I be ame I spryng
lust makyth me wondyr wyll — ayynde

A tenore to yow bothe I bynde — wondyrstond

And I a mone for ony bynde — wytt

And but a tydynell I wot to wynne
the denell ryn spede yt my rede ayt lod, ~~yt taunt~~ — ayynde

yow be yw thow ye mode — wondyrstond

Ste be ost to god a vode — wytt

So mery as ye be ayrde ow bow
I tate no thoughtt — ayynde

the wolfal of yw wolde yt m wor / mad vowe — wndyrstond
sott. oche mā tell thyr ēdyciōnō howe
Thy gyme ye ande hane at yow — wytt
ffor I am a schamyde of neyt nought
thyr dyd a cause of my worschyppe — ayende
Thy my mygtty lordyschyppe
Ande am m gyett trendyschyppe
therfor mocche folke me dydy
a dw sow to my frendyschyppe
ffor moynt nance of her schendyschyppe
Thy suppolt hem by lordyschyppe
ffor to get goode yw a gyett spede yt
A wat thow ys be me — wytt
ayere yn I take pende I thyre m
ōntyme I yeff ūntyme ye me
Ande am ōn fyscke & gay
ffew place now yer be
Ment onclamde wolyatt yerfe
Ye yt Rolde but a nyfyd
Cust yt now comm ac ye way — wndyrstond
And I vse yeyaway
Ande place quest of fuyy
thoppe & cho uge wt ryt mony
Ey ye cause newse ty
Thy yeme yt fate / sody / tye
wt a quest of my w affye
the yody wody yw now to thryfte yt — ayende

& take large yeft

Law goodyth not for mayntynance — wundyrstond
Thowgh yonge yeman not for hatrednace — wyll
And lust yo m so gyrtt vsance
We forso yt nought — aynde
In vo ye wolde hatyg most affyrmed — wundyrstond
Now thye be m so gyrtt a quaynttance — wyll
Now yer be onthe of our allyance
Wyll ye wolde yo thno take we no thought — aynde
Thought may yer a gyrl stryve | — wundyrstond
We hane yt nedyt vo so thryve | — wyll
And yff yt | caye now wyve |
Let them cay yt hathe for to serve — aynde
We fordschyppe xall sow must yt be — wundyrstond
We wyll hane law must hane money — wyll
Thyr power yo ye male wyve
Thow wyll be be xall now gyrlos — aynde
Wonge yo bayn wye bolde
Thow all ye wolde know yt opynly
My ayntnance yo nere so myrrty
And all for mede — wundyrst
The law yo so colorye falsly / yt ye poro. thynke yo take
Wyll sleyttf & by fynd / wyll nought a gode
Wryb yo be so gredy — wyll
Hy wy in comely vir pulcy
wolle by good
mayd
yes fyll was mayynetnedulcis wyo gyrl
thy fyne a
mayd

Wo gett or loose ye be by yer mandes
Myrytimes & yr myr now standes
Ther wer new so mocke yeynedes
Sith godes wor bore
Andes

Andes tochery war now most vsandes
Off bermydes & bowydes in ye landes
Wondyrst

So wo thys be now in handes
Wyrt

Ye & most vsydes owr wes
Myndes

va. Now wyrt wes thys do makes a dance
Off thow yt longes to our pertonnes
Ye wes a dysporte
Wondyrst

Thorto i gave a coydance
Off thow yt bew of my affyance
Wyrt

Let se by tymes ye myntendes
Ye depe in first your pesortes

Ryes entre vj dyserysde mysentes of myndes wt yedes bothe & syon
pampaunt ow gers cyeff & yche a wyder in ye hondes ther
myrystyatt tymper sche answes for ye name
Myndes

Let se on in indignacow & furdy nes
Myndes also & hastynes
Wyche & dyscorde expres
And ye vyt any i mdyntendes
Vn ye a mybyr of dycordes & mysfrechtnes
So hes ye a yemddyes wt lowe day to dyes

Aye sende wes mayn pegymte ... of all ye
Lyn A
Mayna

Aye yde wes ow ... lady & sovere of all
world
Mayna

And ye devil hade swoy ye ye world for his falsnes
And maynten yt at ye last ye ye ye devilys damed
And here mustyllys be consuyd
For trumpys yrlds blow to ye judgement
Off batell also yt low justymente
yevyng comfort to knyght
therfor ye be exposyd
to yes mony of mayntenaunce
As low lett see madam pegent
And dance ye ladyf your hoyll be knyght
lo yt other spyd. thes mony wyll spende
ya wo ys thyn yall hem offende
wo wyll not to hem consende
ly yall hane thyll
they spyll yt law wolde a mende
yit mayntenace no man day yspyllyde
thes mony thy dymys compyllyde
pryd. envy. & wylle in hys hyll
now wyll I thank be eyn my thes
yourself in on hode be for fact
Fayr speche & falsehode in on place ys
the quest of holbowd cu in to ys place
A geyn ye eyght cu ye yechase
Off mom ye holde not hyde hys grace ys
many a tyme hane damyd trutte

Yere entyrthe vj yere in a sute gaynyd wth yt of a color yer
hath gatt of mercyte nane yt up on vysyd dryuyn yet mystyt a ber

let so fyrst wyrnge & stryfe
Dobnell nor & falsnes schew yow myght
Now rawyn & dyscorte
note holde yow yet to eydyr
thyr money cosyd yo so stydyt
that yer report ar made yenyr bryte
yet yr yet of holbayn an ewyll entyrete
thy dannd all yt tonde ryder & thydyr
A1 E my yow fowndyr
Now dannd on wo all the wyldes doth on wo wodyr
So yet yr a mayns lone wyll fare
yt yr yer spende yt tyn me pare
Hand yer a bylle hand yer no cayd
wo hath wrynge or neyt
they fayr not to swoyn & stayre
thynk all bo false eso & mayd
wyche wey to yt wonde wyll yt hay
they knowe & yer dt yet sytt also tryte
some sme hem wyll
for yt fadyr of wo cowdyse
Now meyntnace & pmy
hath schewyd yt trace of yer cupmy
yt xatt so a syngle of lochyn
wet & spite thy hyd mowe out

yt to me attend

Yet forme yo of ye stewyo clene yebleyn
they yeyn sey sothe word yt yer tyo
Off ys conyn yey syngo scho royes by & by
they may sey wt tenber ¶ thow fat a mbrude

Yet entrette vi wome in sut sysyrde as galentf & my so
my atyonde wt wondyrfult vysyo cōyeyd yet myshytt a ryme
---
wytt | pyyo

Ffin stopeyo yebtes yede & yeytnes
Att m att surfot & gyddynes
ffor ye fresche sponse ~~& mast~~ byeche & mastyes
wt yeutytt forzyed cōn
yow my ustytt a ryme pyyo mete
yt fowtt yo m hyn sytt but to ye syyo swete
thyo forthe reyo of lone hem 'says stryrow ¶ y bete
thyo dance of yw damosellyo yo thorow yw reyn
---
ayynde
ye may not endure wt owt my moynte nace
---
wnd
that yo bought wt a byybe of old fostance
---
wytt
Wyom beyedest yn vo of yn a quoyntance
¶ sytt ye at wongtt
---
ayrude
Ow yt wolde ¶ wott talk vengeance
wer vych be ~~gat~~ gedeyde ow yo sw myschance
hupls hem tho thaytott yey ryse yo of fiance
yeyxatt a boy bytt by hyn yt att wyongtt
---
wnd
Yett sede ye ande yn spare
y' longe body bare
Hans the a geyn
to bett ¶ not spare
---
wytt

Holde me not lost me go wode
Syng I dasche ye ye go thyr
Pompe dauyd cawe ye not day
I tell you out wode on a twoyn
Oxiout
ayende
Now I schrew you thyn dasamde
wondyrst
ye a dwelle be yn thyvande
wylle
No moy lot vs be stryvande
Notes alle at on
ayende
Hy wolde a money on thryvande
wondyrst
to ye doute be yer dyywande
wylle
the yt yo yelle wy wande
No thyn thynd by ye bow
ayende
Ens thow ye dalyance
And set we a ordynance
off bette chevesance
thow we may thryve
wondyrst
At wostmyst we not vayance
ye nox tymes yalle my forzmed for a vaunce
for storme for onblaude for discordance
yelle ye to get goode kan no man on tyme
ayende
And at ye partyse I wylle be
A poure be twyn y and my
Yet a mony folowyng me
But yet. yng fyng & to supporte
wylle
yo fintyme I take a mende
Sende on ye fatter ye lord me
Now I com lat to ye cyte
I wylle alle lanyo & wyo to my affyte
& I sede not ye to ye stewo I desyte
ayende

Thomas

Thor getty yⁿ monyes but spendyo — wyll

yto sum̄tymes I take a mende
Off them yt noughte offendyo — Omnipotens
I ongoso vpo god pryo — myndy

And I A yost yor no drede yo
p pene forfett yor no mede yo
And tell to me yt nede yo
I pere not thow yor gy cryo — wondyrst

Thow yor cryo ether yo wore I fare
Thyo day I endyrett them I gyde of non aj
to morow I wyll A gryt thy yff nede wol
Thyo lede I my leff — wyll

yo but of vo m I hane lest cayre
met A dynnes A cass I A sche no mej
And A pryty wenche to so god dare
I pere but lytyll be sche maydo or wyffe — myndy

Thyo ow A soper
I wyll be sorow wyche
bet A noble wt goode chej — redyly to spende
wondyrstody

And trowyw be yto fere
to mogne at A goode dynor
I gloope of A goode yer — for ow I trost gode wyll send
wyll

A best we hane wyne
And A cayrd of myrd
Vt vo for to dyne — my noble wyll I spede fayly
myndy

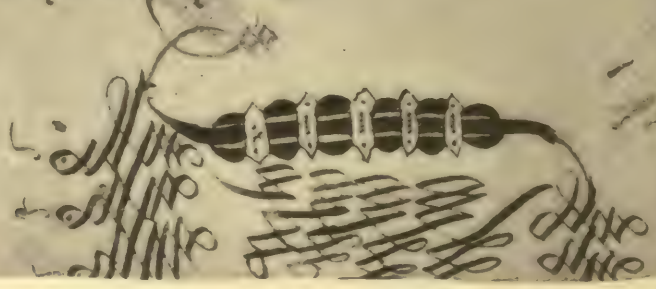
Evant streamy fit

Thy grace A et clemence to ow angel

wos yalt a colde wosse & fyne — wondyrst
nay I wylle not passe schrynkyng myne yn — wylle
no yn word nowe but a swyne
I wolle be holdyn pertylle by sent andrye of bly
andre now in my mynde I hane
my cosyn yonet. vi. so godde me save
bede marryed wt a chylde a very knave
I prey me yer word I lyst lawe
& hane yo chorle wylle hey dysplawe
how myght make hym thro to lawe
& now hane be mery
I woldde onyo hane hy
in yo wylle — ayynde

for thro I hane a remedye
I yalt yebnk hym thro so dysperyttly
yt of hyr hyll he yalt very
andre yff he wylle not lowe yer by
on hyr bodye he yalt a bye
tylle he lowe yt yelonsy
& wondyr stondyge
nay I hane bette hym I wylle
a yest hym fyrst to pro for fyght
& hane in a notyer schey hym ondyght
he me yalt wete by wony me wow horse
hane hym in yo marschalls feyn a nyght
& hane to yo amyalle for yey wylle bryght
a prynnes facion thane hane no tyght
andre yn yalt hyrle hym so yt he yalt hane I now — wylle
wat & yor no longe be dysprede — wondyrst

We ye close & ye pitt yall wyse yt
That yer yall now ma dyscyd yt
yt may me appoyd — Aynde
Ther yer no craft but we may tyse yt — Wondyrst
Aydes ye stoppyt be yt now so allyde — Wyll
Wyll yow trodyn we yer yeffyde
We may sey he hathe a schyewde fyer — Aynde
Thow wolde yt hane wondyr of seyeyt yt be — Wondyrst
Ther mabe sume wyrke & sume now the — Wyll
Yer must nedd gyde goode gett ye
How go we to ye wyne — Aynde
Int pewye & gynne hane at we ye — Wondyrst
And for a peny or ij I wyll not fee — Wyll
Aydy mery all mery yenwe be we
Who yt we ta wythe cryo hane he & my — Wysdom
O tan mynde remedyr the
Thynne yi wdyr yn cost a mys
So what yi ende yer yn myght not fee
Dothe to ende cydatyng ordew yer
Ther yt lyne wolt yi yall hane ber
That yt endyn yt yi goo to hett
I am any wysdom sent to tell yow thy
So in what stat yn doyt in dyde — Aynde
To my mynde yt cumyth from fayre
That do not bee mann yall dey



And then why we go we are
wondyrstondyng what do ye say — Wondyrstonde

I say ma holde forthe yt wey
the lyff we lede yt ddyr y wowe
y wyll no wondyrstondyng xalt lett my pley
wyll frende how sayst thowe — Wyll

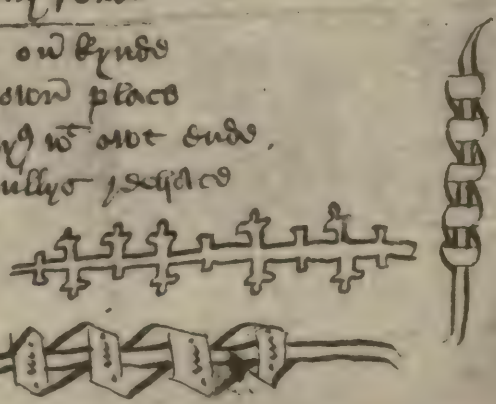
I wyll not thynke yt ow to gode a vowe
we be yt but tend of age
schulde we leve yw lyne yt a wyfe
we may a mende wow we be sage — Wysdom

thyn many ow vnabylytye thynk to gadre
they wyll not take but sendr & wynke
yey take not drede before yr face
howe hoyldyd yr synne of dethe
wow yt be ow yt pytte bynde
than xalt yey trymbull & quake for drede
yt mynde I say yow be thynke
In what pott ye be now take hede
be howe ye hane dryvynde your sowle
2Fe holde your sylff take verly in mynde

hoy dyd appoynthe in ye most horybull wyse forolde and sende yt oynde

Out I tremble for drede be sent paule
thyn ye forolde yw any fende — Wysdom

wey art yn thatnye so ow kynde
thyn to desonle godsyon place
ye wer made so greyd w not ende.
thyn hast made ye doullye yscyplace



As many bodly synnes of the hands I syde
So many bonnyes in your soules bide
Yet holde not yet in perisyng
Alas not of the soules hand pyte

Yet pynne out from wonder the sonne horybyll mystyll of the
sonne vi smytte bore in the hynes of deyllyes & so pretynd a deyn
worldyny

Wyght hand I be why lorest thu not me
Why chorysyst thy enmyes Why hatest thu the frynde
Myght I hand down my moy for the
But lord may bynde dyde to my mynde
Thu hast made the a bronde of hott
Wo hom I made the vnkyd of hytte
Yff the donnt myght the wolde the prott
But the mery expellyt hyr myght
Why doyst thu soule me att dysprytte
Why yeroyst thu myn enmy the I hand wrongyt
Why wobbyst thu hyr consolt by myn dettt hytte
Why has hatyst thu vertu why lomst the yr nonyt

---

ayynde

A lorde now I bynde to mynde
Ay horybbyll synnes & my offence
I so ro I hand defowlyd the noble kynde
The was lyke to the by mytelyence
Wystdrestondynge I dere to the persone
Ore hyt wyche the yr most synfull
Dott yow remedye do lord dy kyence
To chense the so nott wyche yr the forott

Wondyrstan

John

Thomas Sire yorke

Yfe your myndes I haue very knowynge
That gyltly godd wes hans offendyd
Endeso poyn worthy be our dysyryng
Wyche be our self now may be a mendyd
Wt our godd in whom alle yr comprehendyd
Therefor to kynd let vs resort
Be lefte vp them yt be desendyd
Be yr resurrection & kyrd to be wyll resort

wyll

My wyll was frell your to syne
Yfe wyche ye soule yr so abhomynable
I wyll resorne to godd & new be gynne
And in kyng grounde my wyll stable
Yt of kyr mercy be wyll me able
to haue ye gyfte of kyr spyrall of kyr spyrall gydd
Now. kyr sele soule may be redymable
At ye jugement be for kyr face

And

Thanke yt your in ye soule dothe cry
My derey godd wyll change I noyte
I yt thus kepyd in syne kye
Sythe myndes wyll & wondyrstondyng be brought
to hans knowynge yey yll wrought
What yr yt xalle make me clene
Put yt lerde in to my thoyte
Thy olde mercy let me remene

wysdom

Thow ye soule myndes tale
And wondyrstondyng of kyr syne alle way
Yfe yne in wyll yt forsake

Stephen Hyde
Stephen Hyde
Stephen Hyde
Stephen Hyde

Sexpne / Lg

yet these do not only synnyng a way
But very contryeyon who yt hane may
yt yo purger & clenser of synne
A sygne of ye by wt sorow very verray
yt purgyt & wasschyt ye soule wt yn
All ye penance yt may be wrongyt
no all ye prayer yt sayd be gaw
wt not sorowe of hert yelosyt nonght
that mysperyall yeformyth must
And makyt hym as clene as wqow he be ekne
To sekes yo modsyne sonne yt be sekes
wt verray feythe & be ye sekyr than
the vengeance of gode yo mede fulle mekes
Wy wondyrstondyng hane very contryeon
Wt mynde of yo synne confessyon makes
Very wyll yeldyng du satysfaccon
yn your soule be clene & wondyr table

Nat

& wepe for sorow lorde & be gyn a wakes
& that yo longe hath synnyde in synne

Hic secundum semenno

wysdom

to how contryeon a voydyth ye soulle blakes
Godly synne yo now yeno wt yn
ffor gode ye hane offendyde hyghly
And your modyr holy chyrche so mylde
yerfor gode ye must aske mercy
Wy holy chyrch to be reconsylyde
trustyng verly ye yall now be yewyde
yff ye hane your chayr of pdon by confessyon

ffyn

Now blame ye for ye offence ye wch fryds
to pray yow^r modyr chyrche of her pryvcon — Stet

O fadyr of mercy ande of mercy
wt wonyngs of t hyt cotryte
to aw^r modyr holy chyrche | wyth pesyt
my hyt pleyn schewynge to here sycht
wt mynde vndyrstondynge t wyll syche
wyche of my sowll ye pryde be
to ye sonnyr of ye chyrche wes xalt vs dyde
wt voyr cotrycon thus cop leynynge wes

hyd ye go out t in ye gynge ye sonle syngyd in ye most la
metabnt wyse wt dyvote note do yt ye sungyn in ye passyon wy
my lyne volue mayd cotrito cotrito tua q^o cosolat^r tu pleydu
pleyant in noctu t lacrimis oig in maxilla oig — Stet
wysdom

thus seth gode mit bynde tyll
the vx poynt pleso hym alle other be fol
if a pny in thy lyve wt goode wyll
to ye poro. t yt pleysyth gode more
yt monynt ony in to golde tyamposyde wol
ande after thy sethe for the dysposyde
ande alle ye goodl yn hast in store
yulde not profyte so mocke wt ye body yr closyde
the secunde poynt gode seth thus
wepe on thy for my lorde hertyly
or for ye passyon of me thus
ande yt pleyst me more specyally
than yff yn wepe for ye frynde or goodl wordly

Cunfu Dhop Wpolle

Jesus

As moche wat^er as ye se comynge
So comfort yo a sorowe penedy
that distroyethe synne yt polessyt peynyo
the m^ny gode sethe suffyr p dayenly for my lowe
off yi neybur a wolde of peynes perpetuel
and yt to m^ty mor sothe me move
than yn dysoyle myde yi body w^t peynyo grevo
W^t as many soddr as myght grow o^n pyrce
In ye space of dayo forme
So who suffyrethe most for gode yo most lowe
Standyr perpetuel only adusyte
the my gode sethe wake on aver for ye lowe of me
and yt to me yo most pleasame
than yff yn sent xu kynge fyve
to my sepulkyr w^t grete pynysshamme
ffor my sethe to take vengeaunce
So wakynge yo a holy thynge
yer yt yo made w^t goode resonne
many grace of yt sothe springe
the v^ty gode sethe lame pyte & compassyon
off yi neybur wyche yo sore & nedy
and yt to me yo most desolacion
than yn fastyde yt^ty yer by & by
thye dayo in ye wobbe as stryte
As yn comedf in wat^er & blode
So pyte gode pleasyth grette
and yt yo a vertu sowdon as clerkyo sede
the vy^ty gode seth an yo wyse
Reseyve thy speche for my sowdone

Jesu Tomas Jamyes

Sett not thy tongue thy owin cristen sister
And yeu pleyst moy myn oxcellence
Thaw yff yu labeyde to sytt bylyeue
Wop on thy nakyd feet & bare
Tytt ye blode folwnde for peyn & vyolence
And after ocke stape yt seme were
The vnto crist seth in yo maner
Thy neybur to owytt no storye not then
But att thynge tome in to wotu cheer
As thaw moy pleyst me more
Thow yf a thowsande tymyo yu come therore
A buscke of thorne yt schappe wer
Tytt yi naked body wer att ponyt
And ovyn yent to ye bonyo bare
The vnto gode seth yo mat tytt
Oftyn pray & asse of me
And yt pleyseth me moy on to my wytt
Thaw yf my moder & att sonte pyede for ye
The yt to gode seth lowe me sonnely
And yt to me moy pleysant yo
Thaw yf yu went wop on a pyler of eye
Yt wer sett fulle of scharpe pyke
So yt yu cut yi flesche in to ye smale pyeo
Lo gode yo pleyde moy to ye deyl of chayte
Thaw att ye pynyo mat may suffer more
Remembyr thee poynt mat in yi herte

Thaw out yette dist wt ye a wytt gonge be for apride on
ye onsyde & wondyrstondynge on ye other syde & wytt folowyn
att in thy first clothynge for chappelett & crost and att hamy

and crowned sweyng in God comyng & God stand dns & rosary
que stabunt in gaudio salutaris accipit & nomen dm invocabo

O mors than to the sayd
O swet than my delectacon
O than the suns of Syrynne mayd
ffull of mercy & compassion
My soule to washed be thy passion
fro the synnes our mynd by sensuality
Be thy than I hane a new resurrecton
The lyght of grace I fele in me
In to twoyn myght of my soule & the offendyd
The one by my inwardes wytt the tow bend costly
The other by my outwardes wytt corporalyd
The be the v. wytt bodyly
Wt the wych twoyn myght mercy & sayd
My moder holy chyrche hath yowd me grace
Wthom the first take to yow mercy
Yet of my soff & may not satysfyd my trespace
Magnd est misericordia tua
Wt full feyth of for yowrounde to the lord & comes
Vnknowyn cor meum sator mea sponsa
In vno ictu oculorum tuorum
The hane wondyd my hart sust prowes god
In the twoyn sytyll of yow oy
By the recognycon the hane clere
And by the hyd lowd the hane godly
Yt ffullsyt my hart to god yow cyd
Now the hane for sake synnes & be contyte
Be
Ref [illegible] by my [illegible]
[illegible]

ye wof now so lowe to me worthye
Now be ye reformyde to your beloff knyght
And then your wyttl offendyde hav
And to make a sythe by impotent
Myn wyttl yt non dyde trespas
Hatte made a sythe to ye father omnypotent
Wt my sythe I se ye people violent
I holde hom vengeaunce and to me odlt
I felte ye stenche of thyne hole present
I tastyde ye drynke mengyde wt gall
Thy touchynge I felte poynt smyte
My hande sprydde a blode to halse ye swyte
My fote naylyde to a tyde wt ye swot hote
My hoyt clothyd for yn lone most dof
Myn hode bolodde down to bye ye hof
Myn body fulle of holye as a dove howe
In thye ye be reformyde soule my presynce
And now ye be ye very temple of yhe
Ffyrst ye wof reformyde by baptyme of yenoce
And clensyde from ye synne oryynalle
And now ye be reformyde by ye sabyrmit of penance
And clensyde from ye synne actualle
Now ye be fayrest christ own spousalle
Diffyne, yore now to ye likenes of ye fende
Now ye hane perdynyde ye oryaunce victorialle
to reyne in blye wt owtyn ende

ayynde

hane myynde soule wat gode hath do

Reformyde yow in feyth verrly
Notis confirmato hic scto
Et reformamini in nouitate spiritus sensus vestri
Conformed yow not to yis worlyd glory
But reformed in gostly feleyng
Ye yt were sinnyd by synne vndeleffly
Wherey hathe reformyde yow and crowneyde as a kyng
Also vnderstondyng sowls now ye
Wt contynualt hope in godes be hest
Renouamini spiritu mentis vestre
Et induite nouum hominem qui secundum deum creatus est
Ye be reformyde in feleyng not only a best
But also in ye oute of yowr reasun
Be wyche ye have lykness of godes most
And of yt mercyfull verry cognycion
Now ye sowls yw chaffte reformyde yo
Wt chaffte yo godes verrly
Expoliantes veterem hominem cum actibus suis
Spoyll yow of yowr olde synne & folly
And be reformyde in godes kndoyng & reyn
That ondnyde wt yid so spiryttally
Deffynyng in peyn and in blys for to reyn
Thus wt yow thus I may sey thus
Of our lordes sowdon Jesu Jhesus
Quamo de deo vnusquisque et in facie dei stat oft dei

O thou hye soueraw wysdom my loy xpo
hewyn dyche & erthe of edtny
yetde yow yeuenes for grace plenytny
ye yeff to me & to yudyr
now we sent powle we may sey thus
ye be yeformyde thorow feythe in yo yhesu
We hane pace & a cyde be twyx gode & we
Justificati ex fide pacem habemus ad deum
Now to Salamony conclusyaw y com
& mor dm mici sapiencie

Nobis qui timetis deum
Oriet sol justicie
the tym sow of rychtwusnes
Wyche ye yo ow lorde yhu
xall ryse in hem ye yede hyr mebus
sowes ye mut ony sowls yenewes
In grace & wych to eschew
And so to ende we pfecion
that ye doctryne of wysdom we may sew
Sapienciam prio gydwont ye for hyr passyd A cy & vi

Wysdom
Sith v wytt
dyynde
Wondyr stodyng
Lnerfor

O liber di qu cum contin fo te q pet
hynethu qz mondato dicedsu ord
crete

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